as the new ' Lady IMac*—all the best people agreeing with it.
Oh, dear ! It is an exciting time !"

From a letter I wrote to my daughter, who was in Germany at the time:

[41] *1* wish you could see my dresses. They are superb, especially the first one : green beetles on it, and such a cliak ! The photographs give no idea of it at all, for it is in colour that it is so splendid. The dark red hair is fiue. The whule thing is Rossetti—rick stained-glass etreats. I play some of it well, but, of course, I don't do what I want to do yet. Meanwhile I shall not budge an. inch in the reading of it, for that I know is right. Oh, it's fun, but it's precious hard work, for I by no means make her a * gentle, lovable woman ' as some of 'em say. That's all pickles. She was nothing of the sort, although she was *not* a fiend, and *did* love her husband. I have to what is vulgarly called ' sweat at it,* each night."

The few people who liked my Lady Macbeth, liked it very much. I hope I am not vain to quote this letter from Lady Pollock:

" . . . Burne-Jones has been with me this afternoon : he was at 'Macbeth' last night, and you filled his whole soul with your beauty and your poetry. . . . He says you were a great Scandinavian queen; that your presence, your voice, your movement made a marvellously poetic harmony; that your dress was grandly imagined and grandly worn—and that he cannot criticise—he can only remember."

But Burne-Jones by this time had become one of our most ardent admirers, and was prejudiced in my favour because my acting appealed to his *eye.* Still, the drama is for the eye as well as for the ear and the

rnind.

Very early I learned that one had best be ambitious merely to please oneself in one's work a little—quietly. I coupled with this the reflection that one " gets nothing for nothing, and damned little for sixpence S "